

THE ONE THING LACKING

DR. TALMAGE CONTINUES HIS SERIES OF EVANGELISTIC SERMONS.

The Great Army of Good Things An Average Congregation Can Boast Of. Yet Too Many Lack That Which Is Best of All.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 1.—The deep religious feeling manifested in Dr. Talmage's congregations since his recent arousing "Appeal to Outsiders" has apparently encouraged him to continue preaching distinctly evangelistic sermons. Today he delivered another discourse of the same good type, both at the morning service in the Academy of Music, in this city, and at the Christian Herald service at night in the New York Academy of Music. His text was taken from Mark x, 21: "One thing thou lackest."

The young man of the text was a splendid nature. We fall in love with him at the first glance. He was amiable and frank and earnest and educated and refined and respectable and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have read to you, "One thing thou lackest." I suppose that that text was no more appropriate to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a great multitude of people in this audience. There are many things in which you are not lacking. For instance, you are not lacking in a good home. It is perhaps no more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes in this city. The younger children of the house already asleep, the older ones, hearing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you. And in these winter evenings the children at the stand with their lessons, the wife plying the needle and you reading the book or the paper, you feel that you have a good home.

Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, regard and apology. You have on appropriate apparel. I shall wear no better dress at the wedding than when I come to the marriage of the king's son. If I am well clothed on other occasions I will be so in a religious audience. However reckless I may be about my personal appearance at other times, when I come into a consecrated assemblage I shall have on the best dress I have. We all understand the proprieties of everyday life and the proprieties of Sabbath life.

Neither are you lacking in worldly success. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income, or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood, or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when he takes care of us by a surplus of the past as by present success. While there are thousands of men with hunger tearing at the throat with the strength of a tiger's paw, not one of you is hungry. Neither are you lacking in pleasant friendship. You have real good friends. If the scarlet fever should come to-night to your house you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick one, or, if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in theirs with that peculiar grip which means "I'll stand by you"; and after the life has fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the next room, and while you are gone to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring to your mind too severely your great loss. Friends! You all have friends.

NON-CHRISTIAN FRIENDS OF CHRISTIANITY. Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that you care so angry as to see a man believe in Christ. You get red in the face, and you say, "Sir, I want you to understand that though I am not myself a Christian, I don't like such things said as that in my store"; and the man goes off, giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly answer him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of religion and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess his faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian.

It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little while, but you would be man enough to say, "My child, that is right. Go on. I am glad you haven't been kept back by my example. I hope some day to join you." You believe all the doctrines of religion. A man once says, "I am a saint," and you respond, "So am I." Some one says, "I believe that Christ came to save the world," you say, "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things about which to congratulate you, and yet I must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference to my last account, "One thing thou lackest."

You need, my friends, in the first place, the element of happiness. Some say you feel wretched. You do not know what it is to feel wretched. You say, "I did not sleep last night. I think that must be the reason of my restlessness," or, "I have seen something that did not agree with me, and I think that must be the reason." And you are unhappy. Oh, my friends, happiness does not depend upon physical condition. Some of the happiest people I have ever known have been those who have been wrapped in consumption, or strung with neuralgia, or burning with the slow fire of some fever.

I shall never forget one man in my first parish, who in excretion of body cried out: "Mr. Talmage, I forget all my pain in the love and joy of Jesus Christ. I can't think of my sufferings when I think of Christ." Why, his face was illumined! There are young men in this house who would give testimony to show that there is no happiness outside of Christ, while there is great joy in his service. There are young men who have not been Christians more than six months who would stand up to-night, if I should ask them, and say in those six months they have had more joy and satisfaction, than in all the years of their frivolity and dissipation. Go to the door of that gin shop to-night, and when the gang of young men come out ask them whether they are happy. They laugh along the street, and they jeer and they shout, but nobody has any idea that they are happy.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN'S JOY. I could call upon the aged men in this house to give testimony. There are aged men here who tried the world, and they tried religion, and they are willing to testify on our side. It was not long ago that an aged man arose in a praying circle and said: "Brethren, I lost my son just as he graduated from college, and I broke my

heart; but I am glad now he is gone. He is at rest, escaped from all sorrow and from all trouble. And then, in 1857, I lost all my property, and you see I am getting old, and it is rather hard upon me; but I am sure God will not let me suffer. He has not taken care of me for seventy-five years now to let me drop out of his hands." I went into the room of an aged man—his eyesight nearly gone, his hearing nearly gone—and what do you suppose he was talking about? The goodness of God and the joys of religion. He said: "I would like to go over and join my wife on the other side of the flood, and I am waiting until the Lord calls me. I am happy now. I shall be happy there." What is it that gave that aged man so much satisfaction and peace? Physical exuberance? No, it has all gone. Sunshine? He cannot see it. The voices of friends? He cannot hear them. It is the grace of God, that is brighter than sunshine and that is sweeter than music. If a harpist takes a harp and finds that all the strings are broken but one string he does not try to play upon it. Yet here I will show you an aged man the strings of whose joy are all broken save one, and yet he thrums it with such satisfaction, such melody, that the angels of God stop the swift stroke of their wings and hover about the place until the music ceases. Oh, religion's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if you have not the satisfaction that is to be found in Jesus Christ, I must tell you, with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul, "One thing thou lackest."

I remark, again, that you lack the elements of usefulness. Where is your business? You say it is No. 48 such a street, No. 300 such a street, or No. 300 such a street. My friend immortal, your business is wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a lot of bread to that starving man in the alley, but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candles to that dark shanty. They want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own heart. You know that the flight of an arrow depends very much upon the strength of the bow, and I have to tell you that the best bow that was ever made was made out of the cross of Christ; and when religion takes a soul and puts it on that, and pulls it back and lets it fly, every time it brings down a Saul or Goliath.

There are people here of high social position, and large means, and cultured minds, who, if they would come into the kingdom of God, would set the city on fire with religion. Awaken! Oh, hear you not the more than million voices of those in these two cities who are unconverted? Voices of those who in these two cities are dying in their sins? They want light. They want bread. They want Christ. They want heaven. Oh, that the Lord would make you a flaming evangelist! As for myself, I have sworn before high heaven that I will preach this gospel as well as I can, in all its fullness, until every fiber of my body, and every faculty of my mind, and every passion of my soul is exhausted. But we all have work to do. I cannot do your work, nor can you do my work. God points us out the place where we are to serve, and yet are there not people in this house who are thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years of age, and yet have not begun the great work for which they were created? With every worldly equipment, "One thing thou lackest."

FOLLY OF THE MERE WORLDING. Again, you lack the element of personal safety. Where are those people who associated with you twenty years ago? Where are those people that fifteen years ago used to cross South ferry or Fulton ferry with you to New York? Walk down the street where you were in business fifteen years ago and see how all the signs have changed. Where are the people gone? How many of them are landed in eternity? I cannot say, but many, many. I went to the village of my boyhood. The houses which once resided a man who was in an earnest, useful life, and he is in glory now. In the next house a miser lived. He devoured widows' houses, and spent his whole life in trying to make the world worse and worse. And he is gone—the good man and the miser both gone to the same place. Ah, did they go to the same place? It is an infinite absurdity to suppose them both in the same place. If the miser had a harp, what tune did he play on it?

Oh, my friends, I commend you to this religion as the only personal safety! When you die, where are you going to? When we leave all these scenes, upon what scenes will we enter? When we were on shipboard, and we all felt that we must go to the bottom, was I right in saying to one next me, "I wonder if we will reach heaven if we do go down to-night?" Was I wise or unwise in asking that question? I tell you that man is a fool who never thinks of the great future.

If you pay money you take a receipt. If you buy an annuity record the date. Why? Because everything is so uncertain, you want it down in black and white, you say. For a house and lot twenty-five feet front by one hundred feet deep, all security; but for a soul vast as eternity nothing, nothing! If some man or woman standing in some of these aisles should drop down, where would you go to? Which is your destiny? Suppose a man is prepared for the future world, what difference does it make to him whether he goes to his home today or goes into glory? Only this difference—his bed is better off. Where he had one joy on earth he will have a million in heaven. When he has a small sphere here he will have a grand sphere there. Perhaps it would cost you sixty, or one hundred, or one hundred and fifty dollars to have your physical life insured, and yet free of charge offer you insurance on your immortal life, payable not at your decease, but now and to-morrow and every day and always.

My hope in Christ is not so bright as many Christians, I know, but I would not give it up for the whole universe, in one cash payment, if it were offered me. It has been so much comfort to me in time of trouble, it has been so much strength to me when I have been assailed, it has been so much rest to me when I have been perplexed, and it is around my heart such an atmosphere of satisfaction and joy that I can stand here before God and say: "Take away my health, take away my life, take everything rather than rob me of this hope, this plain, simple hope which I have in Jesus Christ, my Lord. I must have this robe when the last chill strikes through me. I must have this light when all other lights go out in the blast that comes up from the cold Jordan. I must have this sword with which to fight my way through all these foes on my way heavenward."

When I was in London I saw there the wonderful armor of Henry VIII and Edward III. And yet I have to tell you that there is nothing in chain mail or brass plate or gauntlet or halberd that makes a man so safe as the armor in which the Lord God clothes his dear children. Oh, there is a safety in religion! You will ride down all your foes. Look out for that

man who has the strength of the Lord God with him. In olden times the horsemen used to ride into battle with lifted lances, and the enemy fled the field. The Lord on the white horse of victory and with lifted lances of living strength rides into the battle, and down goes the spiritual foe, while the victor shouts the triumph through the Lord Jesus Christ. As a matter of personal safety, my dear friends, you must have this religion.

APPEAL TO THE YOUNG. I apply my subject to several classes of people before me. First, to that great multitude of young people in this house. Some of these young men are in boarding houses. They have but few social advantages. They think that no one cares for their souls. Many of them are on small salaries, and they are cramped and bothered perpetually, and sometimes their health fails them. Young man, do not shut your bedroom door on the third floor you will hear a knocking. It will be the hand of Jesus Christ, the young man's friend, saying, "Oh, young man, let me come in; I will help thee, I will comfort thee, I will deliver thee." Take the Bible out of the trunk if it has been hidden away. If you have not the courage to lay it on the shelf or on the table, take it out of the trunk and lay it on the table, and then kneel down beside it, and read and pray and pray and read until all your disturbances are gone and you feel that peace which neither earth nor hell can rob you of. Thy father's God, thy mother's God, waits for thee, O young man. "Escape for thy life!" O escape now! "One thing thou lackest!"

But I apply this subject to the aged—not many here—not many in any assemblage. People do not live to get old. That is the general rule. Here and there an aged man in the house. I tell you the truth. You have lived long enough in this world to know that it cannot satisfy an immortal nature. I must talk to you more reverentially than I do to these other people, while at the same time I speak with great plainness. O father of the weary step, O mother bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all these years who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mourning! Seventy years of food and clothing! Oh, how many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! O father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twice your gray locks in their tiny fingers. Has all the goodness that God has been making pass before you produced no change in your feelings, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this, "One thing thou lackest!"

TAKE YOUR TROUBLES TO JESUS. Oh, if you could only feel the hand of Christ smoothing the cares out of wrinkled faces! Oh, if you could only feel the warm arm of Christ steadying your tottering steps! I lift my voice loud enough to break through the deafness of the ear while I cry out, "One thing thou lackest." It was an impetuous appeal a young man made in a prayer meeting when he rose up and said, "Do pray for my old father. He is 70 years of age, and he doesn't love Christ." That father passed a few more steps on in life, and then he went down. He never gave any intimation that he had chosen Jesus. It is a very hard thing for an old man to become a Christian. I know it. It is so hard a thing that it cannot be done by any human work; but God Almighty can do it by his omnipotent grace; he can bring you to the seventh hour—at half-past 11—at one minute of 12 he can bring you to the peace and the joys of the glorious gospel.

I must make application of this subject also to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and cents are no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources, but have you no treasures, no heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put your dying head on? You have heard people all last week talk about earthly things. Here a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know to which he is worse for you, O prospered man, if you reject Christ, and reject him finally—that it will be worse for you than those who had it hard in this world, because the contrast will make the discomfort so much more appalling? As the hart bounds for the water brooks, as the roe speeds down the hillside, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed!" I must make my application to another class of persons—the poor. When you can not pay your rent when it is due, have you not to the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the bakery, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's charities to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash barrels are empty, and the children who take care of you? Have you nobody, but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of him who had not where to lay his head. If you lie on the bare floor, I want to tell you of him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot had the streaming blood of his own heart.

Oh, woman! Oh, you poor woman! Jesus understands those who take care of you! Have you nobody, but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of him who had not where to lay his head. If you lie on the bare floor, I want to tell you of him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot had the streaming blood of his own heart.

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THE VOYAGE OF LIFE. If you have ever been on the sea you had been surprised in the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Sometimes you go along two, three, four, five, six and seven days, and do not see a single sail, but when a vessel does come in sight the sea glasses are lifted to the eye, the vessel is watched, and if it come very near then the captain, through the trumpet, cries loudly across the water, "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on this sea of life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the last great day, and with reference to the two great worlds, I cry across the water: "Whither bound? whither bound?" I know what service that craft was made for, but last thou thrown overboard the compass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is the ship at the mercy of the tempest? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With prizes and treasures—

treasures aboard worth more than all the Indies—wilt thou never come up out of the trough of the sea? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, thou art needed here. There are so many sins to be pardoned. There are so many wounds to be healed. There are so many souls to be saved. Help, Jesus! Help, Holy Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help, all sweet memories of the past! Help, all prayers for our future deliverance! Oh, that now, in this accepted time and the day of salvation, you would hear the voice of mercy and live! Taste and see that the Lord is gracious.

In this closing moment of the service, when everything in the house is so favorable, when everything is so still, when God is so loving and heaven is so near, drop your sins and take Jesus. Do not cheat yourself out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake, a voice should rise from the pillow or drop from the throne, uttering just four words—four sad, annihilating words, "One thing thou lackest."

ARRIVING AT THE HOUSE, I was ushered into a dimly lighted room, where a man was sitting at a table with his tools in front of him. These consisted of a smooth stone, about a foot square, and a large knife or hatchet with a short wooden handle. The blade was about a foot long, two inches broad, and nearly half an inch thick at the back. It was sharp as a razor. Placing a piece of cylindrical pith on the stone, and his left hand on the top, he rolled the pith backward and forward for a moment until he got it into the required position. Then, seating the knife with his right hand, he held the edge of the blade, after a feint or two, close to the pith, which he kept rolling to the left with his left hand until nothing remained to unroll. For the pith had, by the application of the knife, been pared into a square white sheet of uniform thickness. All that remained to be done was to square the edges.

If the reader will roll up a sheet of paper, lay it on a table, place the left hand on top, and gently unroll it to the left, he will have a good idea of how the feat was accomplished. It seemed so easy that I determined to have a trial. Posing as a professional worker, I succeeded in hacking the pith and nearly maiming myself. A steady hand and a keen eye are required for the work, and hence it is that the so-called rice paper is manufactured only at night, when the city is asleep and the makers are not liable to be disturbed.

JURY LAWS IN ENGLAND. Bertie Sams, a drummer, says: "When I was over in England, in 1888, I was unlucky enough to be an eye witness of a hotel fight, and was compelled to give evidence at the Old Bailey when the man who got the best of it stood his trial. The way they selected the jury was amusing to a man who has seen a week pass while an effort was being made to get a jury. A number of cards were put in a box, shaken up, and twelve drawn out. The names on these twelve were those of the unlucky jurors, and the remainder of those summoned were formally excused. Among the twelve was a lawyer's clerk, who was very indignant, and who made three successive objections to serving. The first was that he knew the prisoner well, and didn't feel able to approach the case without prejudice. The judge gave him a killing glance, and told him he would have to do. The second objection was that he couldn't afford to lose the time, and this was overruled.

The third took my breath away. He announced that his house had less than fifteen windows, and he quoted authorities to show that one of the qualifications of serving on a jury was to occupy a house with "fifteen windows or more." By this time the judge had fairly lost his temper, and warned the embryo attorney that if he quoted any more obsolete statutes he would be committed for contempt of court. The young man subsided, and the case proceeded. One of the city newspapers, commenting upon this episode, explained that, technically the young fellow was right. The qualification is a survival of the old English practice of paying taxes on windows, a practice which led to the closing up of thousands of windows, to the great annoyance of those who now occupy the houses, although the tax has been taken off years ago.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GOOD FORM IN ENGLAND. A word about the etiquette of calls and cards. In England it would be the worst possible form for a gentleman to call on an unmarried lady and ask the servant if she is at home. He must always ask for the mother only. A gentleman is never asked to "call again soon," but he is told, "I hope we shall see a good deal of you." In England cards are left only when the person called on is out. They are never sent in before the caller, if the person called on is at home. For husband and wife to have both names on one card, as "Mr. and Mrs. Jones," is very bad form. So it is for unmarried ladies to have separate visiting cards of their own. Their names should be engraved under the names of their mother or of some other married female relation.

In England one's address should always be on one's card, in smaller letters, in the right lower corner. We might enumerate a thousand other peculiarities, but we have cited enough to show that an American citizen could not easily acquire what in England is called "good form" without an expenditure of time that could be put to a better purpose.—New York Ledger.

BOOTH WAS SMOKING. Here is an amusing story of Edwin Booth and his slavish adherence to the fascinating cigar. A gentleman went to the theatre in Philadelphia where Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett were playing. He had occasion to go behind the scenes. Suddenly he noticed a door that was slightly ajar. From it proceeded dense clouds of smoke. Instantly the visitor thought of fire, and he paled as for an instant it dawned upon him that he had made an awful discovery. He rushed to the door and pushed it open, half expecting to see flames. What he did see was Edwin Booth seated in his dressing room, puffing at a cigar as though his life depended upon it.—Epoch.

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A TWICE TOLD TALE!

The wise man selecteth the "Burlington route" and therefore starteth aright. He arrayeth himself in purple and fine linen, for lo, and behold, he is snugly ensconced in a "lower center" on the famous vestibule flyer, where smoke and dust are never known. He provideth himself with a book from the generous library near at hand, adjusteth his traveling cap, and proceedeth to pass a day of unalloyed pleasure and contentment.

And it came to pass, being hungry and athirst, he steppeth into the dining car, and by the beard of the prophet, 'twas a feast fit for the gods. Venison, Blue Point, Bergundy, frog legs, can-shacks, Mum's extra dry, English plum pudding, fruits, nuts, ices, French coffee,—verily, the wise man waxeth fat, and while he lightheth a cigar, he taketh time to declare that the meal was "out of sight."

It occurreth to the wise man that the country through which he journeyed was one of wondrous beauty, inasmuch that it was with deep regret he noted the nightly shadows fall. However, tenfold joy returned as he beheld the brilliantly lighted car, and the merry company it contained. Verily, it afforded a view of Elysium.

The wise man retirith to rest. Deliciously unconcerned, he sleeps the sleep of the righteous and awakes much refreshed. His train is on time, his journey ended. He rejoiceth with exceeding great joy, as he holds a return ticket by the same route, the "Great Burlington."

MORAL: Travel by the Burlington Route

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